

# THE WEEKLY ARIZONA MINER.

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## THE ARIZONA MINER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,  
AT  
PRESCOTT, YAVAPAI COUNTY, ARIZONA.

### SUBSCRIPTION:

One Copy, One Year, \$7.00  
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Three Months, 2.50  
Single Copies, 25  
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### ADVERTISING:

One square, one time, \$5.00; each additional time, \$1.50. Each additional square, same rate. A liberal discount will be made to persons continuing the same advertisement for three, six, or twelve months. Professional or business cards inserted upon reasonable terms.

### Job Printing.

THE MINER office is well supplied with Presses, Plain, Fancy and Ornamental Type, and the proprietor is determined to execute all work with which he may be favored in the neatest and best style of the art.

Work may be ordered from any part of the Territory, and, when accompanied with the cash, it will be promptly executed and sent by mail, or as directed.

Persons sending us money for subscription, advertising or job work, may forward it by mail, or otherwise, at their own risk.

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J. H. MARION,  
Editor and Proprietor.

## Business & Professional Cards.

### COLES BASHFORD,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,  
Tucson, Arizona.

Will practice his profession in all the Courts of the Territory.

### HARLEY H. CARTER,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,  
La Paz, Yuma County, Arizona.

Will attend to business in all the courts of the Territory.

### JOHN M. ROUNTREE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,  
Prescott, Arizona.

### J. P. HARGRAVE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,  
Montezuma street, Prescott, Arizona.

### JOHN HOWARD,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,  
Prescott, Arizona.

### A. E. DAVIS,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,  
Mohave City, Arizona Territory.

### Dr. J. N. McCANDLESS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
(Late of the U. S. Army.)  
Offers his services to the people of Prescott and vicinity. Can be found, at all hours, except when professionally engaged, at his office, in Allen & White's store, Montezuma street, Prescott.  
Prescott, November 7, 1868.

## La Paz and San Bernardino.

The Stages of the undersigned, carrying the U. S. Overland Mail, leave San Bernardino, California, every Wednesday morning, on the arrival of the Los Angeles stage, for La Paz, Arizona, arriving at La Paz every Saturday morning and departing every Saturday evening.  
Passengers, packages, etc., transported at low rates.  
Agents—JOSEPH M. BAKER, San Bernardino; GRAY & CO., La Paz. WATERS & NOBLE, Prescott.  
San Bernardino, March 29, 1869.

## ARIZONA STAGE LINE.

La Paz to Prescott.

Regular Weekly Trips.  
By Stage, with the Mail, will be made between La Paz and Prescott. A four-horse passenger stage will leave La Paz every Saturday, connecting with the stages on the California end of the line, from San Bernardino; arriving at Wickenburg on Mondays, and at Prescott on Tuesdays. Passengers returning will arrive at La Paz on Fridays, connecting with the stage for California that departs Saturday morning.  
Packages, etc., forwarded on reasonable terms.  
JAMES GRANT, Contractor.  
Prescott, October 2, 1869.

## Pioneer Meat Market.

Granite Street, Prescott.

Constantly on hand,  
Beef, Pork, Mutton, etc.  
Pork Sausages, Potatoes, Onions, etc.  
WM. N. KELLY, Proprietor.  
Prescott, November 27, 1869.

## REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Fire-Wood, delivered in town, at \$6.00 per cord. Shingles, at \$1.00 per M. These prices are in currency, and are lower than the lowest.  
A. B. SMITH.  
Prescott, October 23, 1869.

## OPENING OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

Grand Ceremonies—The Opening Address—The Benediction—The Illuminations.

A correspondent of the London Times, writing from Port Said, under date of November 16th, thus describes the ceremony of opening of the Suez Canal:

The ceremony of inaugurating the Canal was held at three o'clock to-day, on the seashore in front of the Quai Eugenie, a line of chalets facing nearly north of the Mediterranean. It was certainly the most singular sight I ever saw. People who have seen much more than myself declared that anything at all like it they had never seen. Strange things have passed in the world, Old and New; but it really may be questioned if there was ever anything more striking in every point of view than the spectacle presented at 3 o'clock to-day. On a thin bank of sand cast up by the sea, which never ceases to throw its rolling columns on the shore, as if to recover, by incessant attack, the domain it had lost, there were the representatives of the great Powers of the Western world, engaged in a ceremony odd in some of its features, but touching to those who saw it to a greater degree than will perhaps be credited by those who read an attempt at the description of it. Remember that Port Said is situated on a mere strip of beach separating the Mediterranean from the Salt Water Lake, or inland sea of Menzohel—the Pelusiac Gulf which spreads right and left for many miles away, and extends inland further than the eye can reach. The port is cut out of this bank, the jetty which forms the entrance extend out from the bank as the piers at Ryde, Brighton, and similar places advance into the sea. The wooden houses of the town stretch from sea to lake. The Canal marks its course by two ridges of brown earth which rise out of the lake, resembling a submerged railway cutting. In the basins carved out of the sand of the beach, between the sea and the lake are the fleets of nearly every nation in the world, represented by their ships and flags.

THE ASSEMBLAGE, DECORATIONS, EMBLEMS, ETC.

In front of the line of chalets forming the Quai Eugenie, which faces the sea and its joyous rollers, there was erected a square covered estrade, with a handsome canopy, beautifully decorated with flags and emblems, carpeted and garlanded, rising about 20 feet above the level of the beach. Some 50 yards in front were two platforms nearer to the sea. That to the left was draped with the flags of Mahomet, that to the right was distinguished by a cross in front and a number of flags of Christian nations. The sand lies deep in the "streets" of Port Said. From the artificial quay where the guests were to land the Canal Company had laid down a line of planks on the principle of the American corduroy road, except that the planks were laid close together, and were placed smooth, instead of being trunks of trees. This road extended for a quarter of a mile in front of the Quai Eugenie, and then a turn at a right angle for about 100 yards led to the estrade—a grand platform from which the great persons were to see the ceremonies by which the canal was inaugurated. The whole of this wooden way was lined by the troops of the Egyptian Viceroy, and on either side of them was ranged a very quaint and cosmopolitan crowd. It would be impossible to describe this singular assemblage, half-naked Arabs and decorated uniforms of men of Europe—children of Ishmael as they have been for untold centuries, and children of Japhet as they are according to the mode of Paris to-day. On the principal estrade there was a line of chairs placed under a rich dais, elevated so as to command a view of the too smaller but somewhat similar structures intended for the religious service. The ceremonies began to the moment, and the flotilla of boats, conveying those great personages who were to take part in it, began to push off from the shore under heavy salutes.

THE ROYAL POSITION.

In the front line before these damasked chairs there stood, beginning on the right, the princess of Holland; the Khedive in his uniform of blue and gold lace, with his great broad green ribbon, and his scimitar with a blit blazing with jewels; the Empress, who looked as though her voyage on the Nile had taken her back to the early days of her young life, was in a lavender silk dress, cut low and trimmed with immense bouffes of white, and a hat with a large black feather. Her Majesty, before the ceremonies began, spoke for some minutes to Mrs. Elliot, who was behind her, and it was remarked that she spoke frequently to the Emperor of Austria, on her left; the Emperor of Austria, in that incomparable uniform of white, snow-white, tunic, cocked hat, with green plume, and scarlet pantaloons, next to him the Crown Prince of Prussia, looking a soldier every inch of all his great height; the Prince of Orange next, and then Prince William, of Hesse.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE CEREMONIES.

After a short pause, which afforded every one a good opportunity of looking at the personages on the platform, the venerable Sheikh who stood in the Mahomedan kiosk advanced to the front, his four attendant maillies remaining in the rear, and there unfolding a manuscript, he began to read in a voice which was rendered almost inaudible by the murmurs of the crowd engaged in conversation, and by the moan of the waves on the beach. When he came forward, the Khedive, Empress, Emperor, and all, stood up and uncovered, and thus remained while, for some five or six minutes, the aged man, in a language not understood by most of the people gathered around him, prayed for the success of the Canal, and eulogized those engaged in it.

Nearly every one took off his hat or head covering, except, of course, the Mussulman population. Before he concluded, the procession of the Catholic clergy made its way through the crowd to the platform erected for their service—the Archbishop of Alexandria, Monsignor Bauer, and 20 ecclesiastics in their vestments, with acolytes bearing papers, preceded by javelinmen. On reaching the elevated platform on which an altar was erected with a cross, flanked by six huge candles, priests chanted a service, during which second guns were fired by the ships. It was a very picturesque ceremony. The chief ecclesiastics wore splendid robes, and there were friars with shaven crowns and large beards, and acolytes in red and white robes. The multitude with bare heads listened attentively, and all the while some half-naked Arabs paddled about in the water close at hand. When the service was concluded the guns were still engaged in their monotonous work.

THE ADDRESS.

M. Bauer then advanced to the front of the platform, and delivered a most eloquent and im-

passioned address, to which I regret I cannot do justice. Addressing the great people on the platform, he declared that history would record that day as the most memorable, not only of the nineteenth century, but almost of the world. The work which had been said impossible, had been accomplished. There was no longer an old world and a new. Turning to the east, he hailed the splendid radiant mother of our race, the nurse of civilization, and the cradle of our faith. Turning to the west, he apostrophized the old Europe, from which had come new life to mankind. The sublime grandiose operation, which men had pronounced to be futile, would unite all nations. The material aspect of the Canal, important and interesting as it was, with a glorious future, must not be permitted to make us lose sight of the grand relations of the work to civilization and the happiness of mankind. He called on them to render homage to the ruler who had by his liberal policy encouraged the enterprise. Let him receive from priestly lips the expression of Christian gratitude for the generous protection accorded to their faith. He had wisely and bravely encouraged the grand work, and Egypt would call him her regenerator, and history would inscribe his name on the noble roll of the benefactors of humanity. In the land of the Pharaohs he had struck off the fetters of ancient prejudices, and had seen in the country which was famous for its ancient grandeur and for the evidences of its old glories, a work which would do far more for the happiness of the whole human family. A very charming passage was devoted to the man to whom so much was due, whose genius, fortitude, and almost superhuman energy, contending against insuperable obstacles, led him through years of difficulty and toil to such a glorious end. M. de Lesseps, who stood behind the Empress, wearing the ribbon of the Medjidie, seemed much moved, as in an eloquent sentence Monsignor Bauer compared him to Christopher Columbus, and said his name would henceforth be inscribed among the names of those who had, like the Genoese navigator, conferred inestimable benefits on mankind. Indeed, I am not quite sure that he did not draw a comparison between the two to the advantage of the distinguished Frenchman, who certainly is not to be accused of vanity or an eager desire for praise, however much he may be moved by a high ambition. The mention of M. de Lesseps' name was received with cheers and cries of "bravo," and the Empress turned to him and made a slight inclination, and the Emperor of Austria also moved a little and nodded his head as if to express his concurrence in the praise. The eloquent eulogist made a most feeling and tender allusion to those who had fallen in the course of the work, victims in the campaign of civilization—the "obscure illustres" who had had given their lives to the accomplishment of that for which ages to come would bless them. In turn he addressed his Apostolic Majesty, and congratulated him on the benefits which the Canal would in opening up a new world to the commerce and productions of his vast domains, and in a peroration full of eloquence and power, with face upturned to heaven, he invoked the blessing of God on the work.

"Great Creator of the World and Father of all men—immense, eternal—bless this work. Spread Thy spirit over the world Thou hast made. Let justice and charity and love embrace all the peoples of the world, from east to west, and bless them in time and in eternity."

THE ILLUMINATIONS.

The ceremony was now over, but the excitement of such an event does not easily subside. There were people in the sandy thoroughfares which serve as streets, and on the quays for hours talking over the wonderful spectacle they had just witnessed; as night came on the whole world, ashore and aloft, set about illuminating and fireworks. The "down flags" at sunset was very effective, and it was such a sunset as one can scarcely see anywhere but in Egypt at this time of year. The illuminations of the ships and streets, the rockets and fireworks, produced an immense effect; and when a moon of intense brightness rose high over the scene and bleached the water of the harbor into a polished mirror, in which every vessel and every ray of light was reflected, it was like fairy-land—a fairy-land in which steamers and men-of-war, and blue, green and red lights are admissible.

The correspondent of the New York Times adds the following particulars:

THE KHEDIVE AND THE EMPRESS.

Although the other dignitaries paid close attention to the address, and evidently heard it with interest, if not with sympathy, the plump Khedive—if he were not a Khedive, and my host, I should deem it a venial duty to call him pudgy—unmistakably looked on as the climax of a bore, and in spite of Monsignor Bauer's best efforts to rouse him by a point blank compliment, he fairly fell asleep in his high arm-chair, and but for his toes touched the floor, he might have tumbled out before he woke, as he nodded the solemn assent of slumber to sentence. How must the lady Eugenie have felt as she sat there, the real central figure of the brilliant group, with her dozing host at her right hand and the Emperor of Austria at her left! did she think that here indeed was a peaceful triumph for her France? did she think that even the practical mind of England declared to be an impossibility, and that another victory was indicated in the celebration of a rite of her beloved faith in the land and beside the service of Mahomedanism? Or did she only fret at the high-bred civility and courtly pleasure she must manifest in accepting the attentions of one man, the master of 2,000 wives, and of another, the natural enemy of her husband's dynasty? But, however wide her thoughts may have wandered as her eyes followed, half sadly, the waving hand of the priest in his sweep, now eastward, now westward in oratorical curves, or as they fell under vaulting lids when her praises were rehearsed, they were evidently bent on nothing but devotion as the mass went on, and she bowed in deepest reverence at the elevation of the Host and the benediction, and crossed herself with unmistakable sincerity and fervor.

A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN VIEW.

From this point the view was one never to be forgotten. Another flight of steps led down from the front of the platform just at the Empress' feet, and on either side of the pathway were clustered the people who a moment before had welcomed her as she mounted the staircase to the pavilion, mingled with others who had been long patiently waiting her arrival. Beyond them stood two kiosks, one dedicated to the Mussulman service, the other to the Roman Catholic, in the former of which the turbaned and long-robed ministers of the faith of Islam were waiting to begin their rite. To the left, a few low, brown, sandy spots of earth with bare-legged Arab

children in red and blue wading about them, scarcely heedful of the striking show; to the right the smoking cannon, telling the tale of the august arrivals; still further on the gay, nodding colors and clustered masts of the port, and behind all the broad Mediterranean, dotted here and there with sails stealing calmly away into the pure delicate blue of the northern sky. The costumes of Christian and Mahomedan, of Arab, Greek, Egyptian, Jew, and Gentile, of the preacher of peace and the minister of war, the fur-bordered cloak of the Russian and the cotton wrappings of the African, the sombre black of the citizen and the embroidered stole of the Catholic as he made his way with cross and symbol to the altar—all these were there, wrought into a picture for which even the great Empress' memory, crowded though it be with souvenirs of fetes and ceremonies, could scarcely have found a parallel in unique union of scenery and situation.

## Railroad Adventure in Echo Canyon.

The conductor on the Union Pacific Railroad is named Miles—called "Paddy miles," for short. He it was who early in the year was running a train of ties and iron down Echo canyon when the train parted, leaving the rear cars with two Dutchmen asleep on board, some distance behind. When they were discovered by Miles, however, they were on the down grade and coming upon him with the speed of the wind. Nothing was to be done but to put on a full head of steam and try to run away. With the throttle clock open and the locomotive screaming out its alarm, they flew down the gorge, around curves, over bridges, past rocky points and bold headlands, but no faster than the thundering cars behind. "Paddy's" engine whistled the track open and free in advance of his arrival at the station for there was no time to pause—the train was nearing, so on they went, almost leaping from the track. Again the locomotive rang out "switches open," which was heard in Echo City, and though the trouble was unknown, they were ready when Paddy's train shot by like an arrow, his men throwing over ties as they went, to ease the train from its load, and give them a better chance for life. It was well high unloaded when they saw the dreaded cars behind strike a tie which had fallen across the track, and with a desperate plunge go over the embankment, a distance of from twenty to thirty feet. "Down brakes," whistled the engine, and in a moment more the cars quietly entered Echo City, and waited for further developments. An excited crowd went back to bring in the dead bodies of the Dutchmen, but on reaching the scene of the wreck, both were sitting quietly on the bank smoking their pipes, having only woke up when they were pitched off the cars on the soft ground.—Denver Tribune.

## Local Papers.

Horace Greeley's opinion about newspapers is worth a lot of other opinions. He sometimes gives it for those who imagine they can do without such auxiliaries. The Tribune is as much the friend of provincial journals as it is the reflex of national opinion. The following back-handed slap he gives in the face to those who imagine local papers worthless, and will be read and copied with eagerness by the entire press of the country:

Nothing is more common than to hear people talk of what they give newspapers for advertising, etc., as so much given in charity. Newspapers by enhancing the value of property in their neighborhood and giving localities in which they are published a reputation abroad, benefit all such, particularly if they are merchants or real estate owners, thrice the amount yearly of the meagre sum they pay for their support. Besides every public spirited citizen has a land-side pride in having a paper of which he is not ashamed, even though he should pick it up in New York. A good looking, thriving sheet helps property, gives character to the locality, and in many respects is a desirable public convenience. If from any cause the matter in the local or editorial columns should not be your standard, do not cast it aside and pronounce it good for nothing, until satisfied that there has been no more labor bestowed upon it than is paid for. If you want a good readable paper it must be supported. It must not be supported in a spirit of charity either, but because you feel it a necessity to support it. The local press is the power that moves the people.

BROWNLOW IN THE SENATE.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Times of December 15th thus notices Brownlow's last senatorial effort:

Senator Brownlow to-day made his personal explanation concerning his recent course in Tennessee. It was read from the Clerk's desk by the Secretary of the Senate. Its language was coarse, flippant and outrageous. He attacked his colleagues in the House, and was ruled out of the reading of the document, no Senator having the manliness to interpose against the tirade. They pitied the weakness and impotent rage of the shattered old man, and allowed him to say what he pleased. The Senate seemed to be thankful when the reading was concluded, and several members expressed the hope that he would not be heard from again. It was a most disgraceful infirmity, and was fitted for the bar-room instead of the Senate chamber.

AN INHUMAN PEOPLE.—The following is from the report of Coronel Letterman of San Francisco:

"I beg leave to call your attention to the Chinese. The filth of the most of their habitations cannot be described. I have seen a family of a woman and six children living in a room not larger than six feet by ten, with a child dead from small-pox wrapped in rags and placed under a bench to get it out of the way. I respectfully invite your attention to the condition of these people. It is well worthy of your serious consideration, not only from their own people, when they are sick and no longer able to work, but because they are accumulating in our Alms Houses and Lunatic Asylums. While they are able to work, they are looked after by the companies which have imported them; but when they become sick, imbecile, or dangerously insane, they are left to themselves to lie on a piece of matting and die, or are discarded by their own countrymen, taken up by the authorities, and sent to the Alms House or Lunatic Asylum. The companies who bring these people here should be compelled to take care of them when they are unable to take care of themselves."

## Danced to Death.

Waltzing Match in a Pittsburgh Hall.

The Pittsburgh Gazette tells this story of folly: "A few evenings since a ball was held in one of the halls of the city, at which a large number of the young folks were in attendance. Among the attractions of the evening was a prize, a gold ring, offered to the lady who should outwail all competitors. At twelve o'clock the band struck up *Il Pazzo*, and a full dozen competitors took their places on the floor, entering for the contest. At the expiration of twenty minutes, four of the couples gave away and took their seats, leaving the rest twirling and whirling in the giddy and intoxicating dance. One hour more there were but three couples on the floor, and the dance went on until another hour had passed, when from sheer exhaustion another couple gave away, leaving the floor to the remaining two pair of terpsichorean devotees. The band of music played and played, and the four fast-falling dancers danced and danced, and danced, till even those who looked upon them grew sick and dizzy. At the end of the fourth hour the musicians grew feeble, and from the finger ends of the violinists the blood trickled to the floor; but still they supplied the moving power to keep the dancers going. The excitement grew intense as the fifth hour of the dance came on, and there were those present who insisted on putting an end to the merry though reckless quartette suicide. However, no interference was permitted, and prize dance over the jaws of death went on. After five hours and three minutes had elapsed one of the ladies fainted, and her partner quickly followed her example, and, amid cheers, the prize was awarded to the other couple, who kept the floor. Then came a summing up of damages. The two contending girls were near death than life, and had to be conveyed to their homes—together with their partners, who were as badly used up—in carriages, and have since been in a precarious condition and under medical treatment. The girls had to have their shoes cut from their feet, and their limbs were swollen next day to enormous size. The young men will hardly recover, and the musicians suffered terribly, and will never again play at a terpsichorean contest. So much for foolishness."

## Something Coming.

A Column of Magnetic Light from the Sun Stretching out Toward the Earth.

The sun's atmosphere, say the scientific men, is in a highly excited condition. A column of magnetic light is shooting out further and further from the solar sphere, and it is now stretching out 45,000,000 of miles. In other words, it has accomplished half the distance between us and the sun! The interesting question, and one on which perhaps we do not wish any more light of this character, is: How long will it be before it finishes the rest of the distance and bridges the gigantic chasm between the earth and the sun? Is it a messenger sent out to snatch us up for food for the insatiable monster that keeps himself warm by devouring planets, and whose fire-eating propensities this whole earth would satisfy for a few days only? If so, how long will this emissary be in reaching us, and carrying the globe away as if we were a gigantic lump of coal for a roaring furnace? This column of light at intervals indicates its approach by flashing and corruscating with fresh brilliancy. So decided are its effects that two astronomers, one at London, the other at Oxford, and neither knowing the experiences of the other, supposed that the dark glass of their telescopes had been broken or put out of range, so strong was the flash of golden light upon the vision. It is predicted that before the end of next year, this magnetic light will have got near enough to us to make its immediate and actual influence upon the earth distinctly felt. It is announced that in consequence we may expect to see phenomena that have never been seen or known before by the human race. If any of our readers are therefore yet disposed to complain of the weather and the earthquakes, let them remember that, by this time next year, they may have an entire new line of experiences to explain and endure, in comparison with which, the fitful winter and rough, rude autumn of to-day, may seem like a June morning in Paradise, and the earthquake's shock and lightning's storm a placid rocking in the cradle, with a pleasant lullaby of thunder.

THE FALLACY OF A WISH.—At an enthusiastic religious meeting among the negroes in Blount county, recently, when the mourner's bench was crowded with penitents groaning in agony, one of them, a sable damsel of elephantine proportions, sprang to her feet, crying: "Glory hal-lelujah! Lord bless de Lamb, I've got religion! Lord, if dis nigger had de wings of a June bug, she'd fly right to heaven." Her enthusiasm was checked at that juncture by a matter of fact sister, who raised her head and brought the new convert's thoughts back from the ideal to the real, thudly: "You fool nigger what do you mean? If you had a June bug's wings don't you know a woodpecker'd gobble you fore you got half a mile?"—Knoxville Whig.

A PLASTER FOR SORE BACKS IN HOMES.—The Quackdoctor says: "One who has tried various means of cure, says that the yolk of an egg beat up with a spoonful of spirits of turpentine makes the best plaster he is acquainted with for the sore backs of horses. He covers the plaster with a soft oiled cloth, and pours oil all over when the flies are troublesome."

A GERMAN scientific journal recommends sundresses to use hyposulphite of soda in place of common washing soda. It does not attack the fabric in any way and at the same time exerts some bleaching action, which greatly improves the appearance of linen and calicoes.

SECRETS OF HEALTH.—Keep warm; eat regularly and slowly; maintain regular bodily habits; take early and very light suppers; keep a clean skin; get plenty of sleep at night; keep cheerful and respectable company; keep out of debt; don't set your mind on things you don't need; mind your own business.

A MINISTER at an eating house gave the order, "Roast beef, well done, good and faithful servant."

THE fact can no longer be concealed by his friends—Horace Greeley swears, and he swears like a pirate.